

## BEAR LOOSE ON JERSEY FLATS

## TRAINERS AND COPS IN CHASE HIM ALL DAY.

Tom Collins's Chief, Grantee, Against Pumpernickel is That His, Tom's, of Blue Underwear, for Which He Chewed Fancy Plug for a Year, is Spoiled

There is a bear loose in Jersey, and parents and the makers of noodles are warned to beware. The warning to parents is only a precautionary precaution taken by the police, for it is not known whether the bear is fond of babies or not. But his passion for noodles is a matter of record. He will commit burglary to get them.

It was this noodle habit that led the bear astray yesterday morning, caused the ruin of Tom Collins's light blue underwear and cut short the morning lesson of the boxing kangaroo.

The bear belongs to William Bartels, dealer in wild and trained animals, who has a farm out on the Communipaw road, Jersey City, just outside of the city limits. For liberty and noodles the bear deliberately ran away from a good home and the society of a Malay tiger, the boxing kangaroo, a jackass, a jaguar, a million or so of rabbits, a basketful of monkeys, some deer, an elephant and Tom Collins. Any bear that would run away from little Tom Collins and his blue underwear, won after a year of waiting, is hardly fit for the society of a police man.

But this is a young bear and he hasn't got even the rudiments of a trained bear's education. Mr. Bartels bought him the other day from the Zoological park at Rochester, N. Y., for \$200 and sent him over to his animal farm to be trained by Prof. Jean Roberto. Prof. Roberto and Tom Collins spent an adjoining cots in the same room with the Malay tiger, and chew off the same plug. They led the pursuit yesterday across the meadows.

The bear has been named Pumpernickel, because he is as black-brown as the bread on the free lunch counter of a Dutch barroom, and is called Pumper for short. Pumper reached the farm late on Tuesday night in a cage of heavy planking. The cage was heavy enough, for about feeding time yesterday morning the bear pushed off three or four slabs and made a break for liberty. He climbed an eight foot fence and had ten minutes start of his keeper. The chase lasted all day through the slush and went across the meadows and two rivers. The police reserves of two Jersey City precincts did noble work without getting their feet wet, for they went to the hunt in trolley cars and rode back and forth on the Newark line across the meadows all day looking for clues and the trail. They were all heavily armed.

Prof. Roberto, Tom Collins and a score of volunteers, who felt wet to their waists, gathered about the red hot, wrought iron stove in the tiger's and trainers' sleeping quarters last night to thaw out and tell of the chase.

Tom Collins sat with a red and yellow uniform coat, belonging to the trained military goat pulled around his shoulders and a piece of bagging over his bare legs, waiting for his own dunder to dry. Just look at a rainy tiger, he said, merrily, pointing to a dripping blue suit of underclothes spread out on a vacant monkey cage near the stove. The colors ran fast and faster than the tiger's, and below the knees were bluer than they ever were intended to be, and the other parts of the suit weren't much better than ordinary, every day white things.

"Just look at 'em," persisted Tom. "Ruined the first day I wore 'em, and I waited ten months to get 'em. The next time I get a better break, I'll stop, unless it's the tiger, to change my clothes." Collins wouldn't say a word about the bear until he was allowed to finish his story about the blue underclothes. "You see, I saw 'em first 'most a year ago hanging in a general store window out here in Jersey, and I got stuck on 'em the first sight. Only they weren't for sale. They were a premium, and you had to get sixty tags of a new kind of chewing tobacco before you could wear these blue reaches next to your hide. Well, he said, 'What do you think I did? Damn that bear! What do you think I did? I just switched off from chewing bootleg that I chewed since I was 7 years old, and I had a new fangled fancy stuff to get the tags. By and by I got 'em, sixty, and yesterday I liked out to that store with my tags and got my blue underclothes for forty, just the same color as the sky when I was laying on your back in the sidewalk tent for a snooze and look up through a hole in the canvas. But look at 'em now. Damn that bear!"

"Say, and I had started in this morning chewing good old bootleg. Now I've got to begin all over again to get some more tags."

"Pumper wouldn't have got away if the wind had been different. It was blowing right across the yard here from a noodle factory over there on the side of the city. The bear must have got the scent, for he made tracks for the noodle factory the minute he got over our fence. By the time we got on to him, he had a lead in the door of a shed where some noodles were stored and eaten about a barrel, I guess."

"Lanky Bob—that's the name of my trained kangaroo—and I were having a little boxing match to keep in training, right over here in front of the tiger's cage. I had just put on these blue underclothes, and I was looking very fancy for a bear. Boxed without my coat and breeches. Mike, there, was cutting up raw meat for the tiger, and Prof. Roberto was teaching the goat to mark time when Charlie Walters rushed in from the yard and said the bear was loose. I gave Lanky one big on the jaw and a wind-up and jumped into my clothes. Then we all started to play at it, and I was easy at the start, for there were the bear tracks in the snow right across lots to the noodle factory, and from there across the meadows were the bear tracks and the noodle strip that that hog of a bear couldn't swallow as he ran."

"When we got in sight of him he was crossing the Hackensack River on the ice about a quarter of a mile away. Now, I started on the run. By this time a lot of people had joined us to help catch the bear and somebody had telephoned the police that the critter was loose."

"That bear weighs 400 pounds, and the ice didn't bend much, so we were going right over the river after him till something happened to help us. The bear was just after Pumper had got by the middle of the river that old ice breaking tug Independence came along and smashed a lane through the ice between the bear and us. What do you think of that? It was a lead, that had caused all the trouble that bear got."

"Collins stopped long enough to lean over and feel of a blue leg to see if it was getting dry."

"Well, as I was saying, the bear got across the river, and we were left in the slush, knee deep on the east shore. Now, if that had been a trained bear, if Prof. Roberto had only had a week or so to teach the brute something, he would have turned round after the ice breakers got by and wagged his paw at us. But he is just a young, ignorant bear that couldn't appreciate his pull luck, so he wobbled right along and nothing happened, and the last we saw of him were his hindquarters bumping along among the dead cattle in the swamp on the other side."

By the time the party of trainers got back to the Communipaw road, the Jersey City police were there. There was a plainclothes man in the party. He was measuring the bear tracks in the snow with a foot rule and making memoranda in his notebook.

Just then Tom Collins and his soaked companions appeared. They were sharply questioned by the detective, who made notes on the trail across the river in two by the ice breaker.

"Ah," exclaimed the detective, "it is all clear now. The bear is on the west shore. We are on the east. We must cross the bridge. We will wait for Newark, because a car can go faster than a bear."

"Sure," said an ordinary cop, "and because the rain is so heavy."

On account of the storm there was no car for half an hour, but the time was not wasted. The cops huddled together in the shelter of a shed, planning what they would do when they caught the bear. The plainclothes man kept busy figuring.

"We must not go beyond the Passaic River," he said to his followers, "for that is the city line, and we are not paid for protecting lives in Newark."

When the car came along all the cops bundled aboard. They rode to the Passaic and back. And so they rode back and forth most of the day, every sloop in the alert to see from the car window a black bear lurking in the bullrushes along the way.

"You'd ought to have seen that car," said Tom Collins. "It looked as if it was chartered for the annual picnic of the Police Benevolent Association."

Collins and the other trainers crossed the bridge on foot and stopped around on the meadows till dark without finding the bear. But they are confident that he's there, and they expect to find him today.

Tom Collins made Prof. Roberto promise last night to let him, Tom, give that bear a few lessons in boxing when he's caught. "Folks living in the neighborhood of the Gladstone woods—that's where Bartels farm is—said that the bear must have escaped to the Orange Mountains. But that probably isn't so. If all the stray animals had escaped to those mountains, they would have been reported as going there. Noah could find enough in those hills to stock a whole fleet of ark."

## "TANNHAUSER" ONCE MORE.

Mme. Gaski as Elizabeth and Miss Weed as Venus.

"Tannhauser" was performed, for the fifth time this season, at the Metropolitan Opera House last night. It was the first intention of Mr. Conried to give Miss Fremstad another opportunity to exhibit her charms as Venus, but how sharper than a thief's knife is the keen eye of the audience. Miss Fremstad had on one of her dulcet strains should change to early German Wagnerian howls, she decided to remain silent. Hence Miss Weed, who has already sung *Kundry* No. 2, a substitute, was permitted to sing *Kundry* No. 1, also as a substitute. *Kundry* No. 1 is, of course, Venus, and even when she is Miss Weed, she is more seductive than *Kundry* of the Kie.

Miss Weed, however, was decidedly apneumatic, and her singing also suffered from a slight attack of one deafness. In these circumstances her singing was not of a high order. Mme. Gaski was a lovely Elizabeth and was in good voice. Mr. Conried's production of *Tannhauser*, a performance which always causes the thoughtful hearer to wish that it had more polish.

Mr. Conried was again heard as *Wotan* and confirmed the excellent impression he made with his first appearance in this part. He sings the music admirably and his voice is just what is needed for the part.

The production of *Tannhauser* is more than atoned for by his wonderful *Grman*. Mr. Conried conducted the work as he has heretofore, but the orchestra has not his best form last night. Even an orchestra is human and has its hours of depression. As for the chorus, it was at least consistent. It has been bad in "Tannhauser" and in the other operas, and last night, as usual, it dragged cheerfully behind the beat in the second act just as it has before.

## TALES ABOUT "PARISAL"

Prepared for German Consumption—Not Pleasing to Conried.

Heinrich Conried received yesterday the German accounts of the first production of "Parisal" at the Metropolitan Opera House, and some of them caused him great vexation. All admitted the great artistic execution of the opera.

"But most of them dare to write," Mr. Conried said, "that there was no atmosphere about the performance. Now, I have been at Bayreuth, and I know what the atmosphere there is, and everybody will agree that the first production of 'Parisal' was not a success. The attitude of the New York audiences has been."

"One paper wrote that the air in the theatre was so bad that Mrs. Astor and twenty-five other ladies fainted. Another wrote that 5,000 persons caused such a riot that the police had to be called out to keep order. The same paper said that a thousand people took lunch with them and had a picnic in the theatre."

Mr. Conried's concern over the German reports of the first performance was not shared by the personal familiar with foreign accounts of New York musical affairs.

## BROKEN HEARTS' HALF PRICE.

Jewish Tragedian Objects to the Cut and Claims the Play for His Wife.

Jacob P. Adler, the Yiddish tragedian, appeared with his wife Sarah before Supreme Court Justice Leventritt yesterday to ask for an injunction staying the Grand Theatre Company from producing a Yiddish play, entitled "Broken Hearts," of which Mrs. Adler says she is the owner. Adler alleges that his wife bought the play from its author, one Litten, for \$500, and that she has the right to produce it.

The defendant replies that he really bought the play for the company. Justice Leventritt reserved decision.

## News of Plays and Players.

Dorothy Russell, Lillian's daughter, will play *My Sister Sam* at the Knickerbocker Theatre next Monday.

"Checkers" is coming back to New York. It will begin an engagement at the Academy of Music on Jan. 25.

Max Fricman, one of the actors who will help Miss France Hamilton to play *Ibsen's "A Doll's House"* at the Manhattan Theatre on Tuesday afternoon, Feb. 2.

Frank Moulton tied up tighter. Frank Moulton is now legally bound with triple brass not to abandon Col. Savage or the role of Ki-Ram in "The Sultan of Sulu."

Judge Leventritt has temporarily suspended the order of the court appearing under any name but the Savage management, yesterday affirmed the order pending trial.

Virginia Earl is coming back to Daly's as a star. She will begin an engagement there next Monday night in her new comic opera, "Sergeant Kitty."

Senator Quay Has Insomnia. PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 13.—Senator Quay, who is suffering from insomnia, is in Philadelphia to consult physicians. His friends do not regard his condition as serious, but it was considered best for him to drop his work in Washington for a time. He is now more than 70 years old, and is perceptibly more feeble than upon his last appearance here. He authorized the statement that there is absolutely no political significance in his visit here, and that he is desiring to secure rest and relief from sleeplessness.

## ART WORK IN EIGHT GALLERIES

## CHAMPNEY'S PAINTINGS SHOWN WITH THE ART OF JAPAN.

The Late American Painter's Works to Be Sold at Auction With Rare Pottery and Stone Lanterns—One Gallery Is Turned Into a Japanese Garden.

Last evening the wise who love the beautiful and who were hidden to the artistic feast, found their way to the American Art Galleries to behold the exquisite art of Japan there exhibited, with the work of an American artist beloved by many sympathetic souls, to whom his light touch was the handclasp of a friend.

Eight galleries are filled with the art of the Orient and the contents of all are to come under the hammer of the auctioneer next week. Until then the carvings and paintings of that country for the freedom of whose territory the Japanese may soon be at war with the Muscovite, Korea, together with pastels, aquarels and oil paintings left by the late J. Wells Champney, will be open in free exhibition to the public in the galleries in Madison Square beginning this morning.

Eight galleries contain the exhibits, four given each to Mr. Champney and to Bunko Matsuki, who is no stranger in New York, and who brings this year another surprising lot of artistic workmanship from the Island Kingdom, perhaps the last large collection of fine workmanship that he will succeed in getting together for an American public sale, if Japan holds together in the event of war.

The Japs are clinging somewhat tighter now to their ancient treasures of art, but, being excellent business men, it were too much to say that properly approached they will not yet sever themselves from a few more examples of the art of bygone days. Nevertheless, the public must be patient, for the illustrations of the fact that works of their finest art are becoming scarce.

The sale of Mr. Champney's works is under the patronage of a committee of artists who have lent their support to Mrs. Champney in this public sale of her late husband's craftsmanship. The patrons include Augustus St. Gaudens, John La Farge, Irving R. Wiles, Daniel C. French, Edwin A. Abbey, J. Carroll Beckwith, Edwin H. Blaisdell, Thomas Shields Clark, George Inness, James D. Smillie, Harry Watrous, F. D. Miller, George H. Smillie, Frederic Crowninshield, Frederic Dielman, Percival Deane, and others.

There are nearly three hundred paintings in the collection, and the sale will occupy three evenings. The collection supposed Mr. Gibb's collection to be practically all works by Ralph A. Blakelock, as Mr. Gibb had a great many Blakelocks and at one time had a number of Blakelock's works in his office building on Madison Square. The collection as it stands contains twenty-five Blakelocks, but it includes also some of the best work of other artists, including many American painters and works also by artists of the Barbizon school and others.

There are thirteen canvases by George Inness, ten by Homer D. Martin, seven by one by Francis Murphy and fourteen by A. H. W. Wain, names that broken a feast to lovers of American landscape painters. John S. Sargent, A. Alden Wier, Irving R. Wiles, John A. Kensler, Eugene B. Cullen, Leonard Ochtman, Henry W. Ranger, George de Forest Brush, George H. Rogers, Winslow Homer, Julian Rix and Bliss Baker are among the artists whose work is represented in the collection.

In the list of foreign artists whose works Mr. Gibb acquired are Dupre, Corot, Van der Meer, J. M. W. Turner, J. M. W. Turner, Plaz, Ziem, Vibert, Pissarro, Fortuny, Jacques Henner and Berne-Bellecour. The catalogue of the collection is now being prepared.

## MATTHEWS BRIC-A-BRAC SOLD

Antique Limoges Plaque Goes for \$7,500—Total for the Day, \$40,387.

The price piece of the Matthiessen collection, an antique Limoges enamel plaque, was purchased by Duveen Bros. at the sale in the Fifth Avenue Art Galleries, yesterday, for \$7,500. It would undoubtedly have sold higher, but one of the figures in the collection of Ronde Bosse medallions had been repaired.

Another bit of Limoges enamel, a tiny memorandum tablet case mounted in gold and set with diamonds, sold to Jacques Seligmann for \$3,000, after close bidding between him and Mr. Duveen.

Thus do spectators with opposite viewpoints meet in their expressions of admiration for Mr. Champney's work. Mr. Champney took the works of masters of the ages and gave them a new life and a new meaning. He reproduced the likenesses of Charles II's gallery of beauties. At the Louvre he sat him down and duplicated after his own manner the masterpieces of masters. Over all he spread the individuality of the artist who was a collector of the Louvre.

"The artist who so works," says Mr. LaFarge, "must be a great artist, an absolute love for the imitation of surfaces, and he goes on, confidently, 'even Rembrandt himself has been followed by Mr. Champney with a perception of manner and a rendering of appearance that have been able to gauge myself, with the original alongside of it.'"

"They have the appearance of personal work," he says again, "the last thing that we get from the usual copies."

Mr. Champney's copies will never be sold as "attributions" to old masters. He found their work in oil, and he painted it again in pastel. Mr. LaFarge says: "He made translations of many masterpieces. Enoch also was translated, it will be remembered; and he was not, for God took him."

"It is well to insist on the value of these reproductions," Mr. LaFarge continues, "for there have been none such in the history of art. A school, a museum, or even the rooms of a collector would find in such accurate reproductions a manner of comparison and of judgment superior to anything but originals of undoubted quality."

But there are many examples of Mr. Champney's work which are not copies of old paintings. He painted the figures of Versailles, or by the lake in the Petit Trianon, or beside the Lakes of Killarney and painted the scenery about him with a fidelity of atmosphere which is rare in the work of any painter. "The time of day, the weather, even the very different kind of light in France or England are there," he says, though there may be nothing but a statue and the dusty surface of the wall."

Canvases which will be something of a surprise to many who have in a general way watched the work of Champney, are two paintings of still life, studies of interiors at Ecouen.

Mr. Champney's works are to be sold on Thursday and Friday evenings of next week.

## JAPANESE GARDEN IN A GALLERY.

In the galleries where the fruits of Matsuki's labors for half a year in his native land are disposed, there are scenes which make painting seem a mere child's play for the moment. The peculiar fascination of Japanese art here exerts the force of its compelling charm. Ramma, screens, carved inlaid and lacquered, and inlaid tables, in exquisitely carved wood, some of it delicately tinted and inlaid with lacquers and inlaid enamels, seize the eye and lead the mind to the art of the Orient. The work of these artists in power has been put before American buyers in a public sale.

Oddly enough, Mr. Matsuki did not go to Japan last year with the intention of bringing over potteries, but falling accidentally upon some examples of his countrymen's ancient work in this metal which fixed his attention and admiration, he set about gathering such pieces of fine character as he could collect to offer to New York. Having set his mind upon presenting them before New York, and later promised to do so, he has since refused to sell them privately to Boston collectors who have had a glimpse of a few of them, but has brought them to the metropolis for the competition of the whole country.

Basins, bowls, wine bottles and pitchers, delicate lugs and larger vessels of utility and ornament are contained in the list of potter articles, some of them plain, or mottled with a rich toned patina, others adorned with intricate tracery, or cast with ornamental relief. Some are so subtly adorned as the surface of old silver are some of the pieces; yet other ones, as in the case of a small jug, are supplemented with a judicious use of lacquer. There was a large attendance.

## INLaid WITH GOLD OR DECORATED WITH GOLD LACQUER AND ENAMELS.

Besides the potteries the present exhibition includes another novelty in a number of Japanese and Korean stone lacquerware and other stone garden ornaments which are utilized to make up a counterfeit semblance of a Japanese garden, into which one of the galleries has been converted.

Around the walls Matsuki has constructed works of split bamboo and woven grass, after the fashion of the fences which mark off the gardens of Japan, the front fence and gates of split bamboo and the rear ones of the dried grass. About the garden are disposed the stone lanterns, unimpaired, and the objects of the garden, pagodas, owls, or fantastic forms characteristic of the artists who made them.

Here yesterday evening at the "First View" Mrs. Matsuki served Japanese tea, and she will do so again on Saturday and Wednesday afternoons, amid the lanterns and gravel walks, formed of pebbles from the Island Sea.

The Japanese things will be sold on next Thursday, Friday and Saturday afternoons.

## TO SELL GIBBS' PICTURES.

Decision Not to Postpone the Sale Till Another Season.

Friends of the late Frederick S. Gibbs, State Senator and Republican national committeeman, and the followers of the sales and purchases of pictures in New York generally, knew that Senator Gibbs had quietly and persistently during a number of years collected a great many paintings. His was a collection which he was constantly weeding out, and replenishing with better examples as he could pick them up or as he learned more about paintings and painters. In the later years of his life some of his pictures were occasionally exhibited.

After Mr. Gibbs's death it was announced that his collection of paintings would be sold eventually, under the authority given in his will, but that the sale would not take place this season, but would be deferred until a time which should be deemed most auspicious for the public disposal of luxuries like works of art.

The announcement was erroneous, and it was learned yesterday that Mr. Gibbs's collection is to be sold under the auspices of the American Art Association. The sale is to be made at the order of the widow, Mrs. Daisy Meade Gibbs, and the Morton Trust Company, executors of his will.

There are nearly three hundred paintings in the collection, and the sale will occupy three evenings. The collection supposed Mr. Gibb's collection to be practically all works by Ralph A. Blakelock, as Mr. Gibb had a great many Blakelocks and at one time had a number of Blakelock's works in his office building on Madison Square.

The collection as it stands contains twenty-five Blakelocks, but it includes also some of the best work of other artists, including many American painters and works also by artists of the Barbizon school and others.

There are thirteen canvases by George Inness, ten by Homer D. Martin, seven by one by Francis Murphy and fourteen by A. H. W. Wain, names that broken a feast to lovers of American landscape painters. John S. Sargent, A. Alden Wier, Irving R. Wiles, John A. Kensler, Eugene B. Cullen, Leonard Ochtman, Henry W. Ranger, George de Forest Brush, George H. Rogers, Winslow Homer, Julian Rix and Bliss Baker are among the artists whose work is represented in the collection.

In the list of foreign artists whose works Mr. Gibb acquired are Dupre, Corot, Van der Meer, J. M. W. Turner, J. M. W. Turner, Plaz, Ziem, Vibert, Pissarro, Fortuny, Jacques Henner and Berne-Bellecour. The catalogue of the collection is now being prepared.

## CLARA MORRIS TO ACT AGAIN.

She Volunteers for the Century Stock Company and Is Gladly Accepted.

This is the letter which Clara Morris has written to Sydney Rosenfeld, manager of the Century Theatre Company, offering to return to the stage of the Century stock company in the part of the other project.

Mr. DEAN M. ROSENFELD: With regard to the National Art Theatre project, I deeply regret your withdrawal, but did not feel at liberty to accept of it. I have read of your stock company plan. Such good news it is for the opening of the year! I have been hoping for a long time to see you. If some heavy part, or extra 'turns up' old dam or elderly 'Shelagh' turns up that bothers you to cast, call on me. I am looking alike to me. Do believe me, my dear old heart and soul with you in your new undertaking, and I feel sure awaits you.

The Rosenfeld company will open next month in "Much Ado About Nothing." "I will find a role for Miss Morris," said Rosenfeld last night, "but just what it will be I have not decided. There are several lines of the play which exercise the opening night, and I think Miss Morris would like to appear then. At least, the theatrocrats can look forward with some degree of certainty to this famous actress on the stage again."

## 29TH'S TURMOIL IN COURT.

Schwartzler Tries to Mandamus Elsbarg to "Tell Me What You Said to Me."

Here's a politician who tries to find out by mandamus what people are saying about him. He is August F. Schwartzler, who recently had Franklin B. Ware designated for district leader by a majority of the Twenty-ninth district delegation to the Republican county committee.

Five members of the district, which is for Alexander T. Mason, met on Jan. 7 and adopted resolutions condemning Schwartzler and his allies and accusing them of treachery and bad faith in abandoning Mason for Ware.

Schwartzler wanted to see the resolutions and demanded them from Senator Elsbarg, chairman of the executive committee. He didn't get them, so he applied for a mandamus. Justice Leventritt denied the application yesterday holding with Alfred Lauterbach, counsel for Elsbarg, that the courts had no power to interfere with the committee.

## DINNER TO RICHARD YOUNG.

Friends of Former Park Commissioner Entertain Him at Brooklyn Union League.

A number of the friends of former Park Commissioner Richard Young of Brooklyn tendered to him a complimentary dinner last evening at the Brooklyn Union League Club and presented to him two large Victoria vases. Dick Hamson, who made the presentation, said:

"Mr. Young is the ideal politician and the best Park Commissioner that we have ever had. I venture to say, the best we ever shall see."

Ludwig Nissen presided. Other speakers were the Rev. Dr. S. Parkes Cadman, J. Edward Swanstrom, Charles A. Schieren, J. C. Hendrix and William N. Dykman.

## PUBLICATIONS.

Country Life in America

Country Life in America

Country Life in America

Country Life in America

Country Life in America

Country Life in America

Country Life in America

Country Life in America

Country Life in America

Country Life in America

Country Life in America

Country Life in America

Country Life in America

Country Life in America

Country Life in America

Country Life in America

Country Life in America

Country Life in America

Country Life in America

Country Life in America

Country Life in America

Country Life in America

Country Life in America

Country Life in America

Country Life in America

Country Life in America

Country Life in America

Country Life in America

Country Life in America

Country Life in America

Country Life in America

Country Life in America

Country Life in America

Country Life in America

Country Life in America

Country Life in America

Country Life in America

Country Life in America

Country Life in America

Country Life in America

Country Life in America

Country Life in America

Country Life in America

## PUBLICATIONS.

Country Life in America

Country Life in America

Country Life in America

Country Life in America